



YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST

Come all you young lovers in Scotland give ear,
 Unto this sad story which now you shall hear,
 Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the north,
 Among the high mountains that stand beyond Forth
 This maid was the daughter of a gentleman,
 Of the name of M'Farland, he of that same clan;
 But Grigor was born in an outlandish isle,
 And by blood relation his cousin we stile.
 But where riches is wanting, we oftentimes see,
 Few men are esteemed by their pedigree;
 His father was forced when he was a child,
 To leave this realm, and died when exil'd,
 His lands they were forfeit I'll let you to know,
 Because of rebellion the truth for to show,
 Broad gold and vast riches he with him did give,
 For his education and how he might live,
 And solely he unto the care of his friend,
 Was left by his father to be maintain'd,
 He learn'd him indeed to read and write,
 In all rules of arithmetic he made him perfect.
 In Latin and French he was teached also,
 That he through the world was fit for to go.
 The king then recruiting all hands did employ,
 While her father as a servant did use this young boy,
 In all kind of drudgery he made him to serve,
 And still so he kept him as a corse of reserve,
 Such a beautiful man was not in that place,
 None could compare with him in stature and face,
 The charming Miss Ketty was oft in the way,
 One day in love's passion she to him did say
 My dear cousin Grigor, I have somthing to tell,
 Which now from my bosom this day I'll reveal,
 You know that with courtiers I'm plagu'd to the heart,
 But you are the object that makes me to smart,
 If you can but love me, dear cousin, said she,
 I am happy forever, and therefore be free.
 Then said he, dear Ketty, I'm all in a flun,
 I suppose your intention is nothing but fun,
 For had I a subject to balance with you,
 I'd count myself happy and your suit I might true.
 O said she, dear Grigor, I am no way in jest,
 And if you deny me, then death's my request
 You know all the substance and wealth that I have,
 'Tis enough to uphold us both gallant and brave,
 I know that my parents for more riches are bent,
 But a few years by nature will make them extinct
 Till which time my dear Grigor, I do make this vow,
 That I shall never marry another but you.
 O then he consented and flew in her arms,
 And said, my dear Ketty, I'm kill'd by your charms.
 But I'm afraid your parents this fond love should
 They will soon carve out our sad overthrow. (know
 Of that my love Grigor be silent I pray,
 This night let us part, and we'll meet the next day,
 Under the broad oak by the cave in the glen,
 Where more of my love unto you I'll explain.

P A R T II.

Her mother next day with the blink of her eye,
 Perceiv'd betwixt her and Grigor great love to
 And she to her husband the same hath reveal'd, (be
 Giving orders to watch them as they were in the field
 All day then her father went walking about,
 And after her father she still did look out,
 Till hard upon evening she went off to the glen,
 Where Grigor was waiting to hear her explain
 What way they should manage and make matters go,
 Her father did follow and heard them also.

He stooping, and softly stood over the cave,
 And heard the whole counsel how they should behave
 At last he advanced, cried, Grigor, what now,
 Is this a reward for such an orphan as you?
 You know I've maintain'd you from seven years old,
 And now your intentions they seem very bold,
 Then Grigor asked pardon, and thus he did say,
 Sir, I'm at your disposal, do as you may.
 The old man in a passion there chiding did stand,
 Till his daughter took courage and took speech in hand
 What mean you, dear father, on us so to frown,
 Was this man a beggar, I'm sure he's your own,
 He's of your own kindred, your flesh and your blood,
 And you know very well his behaviour is good,
 'Tis him that I choose for my husband shall,
 Go give your riches to whom you will,
 Do not make me a horse or a dog to be sold,
 Away to some numscul has nothing but gold.
 The father in a rage to the mother did go,
 And told her the proceedings with sorrow and wo,
 Yet seem'd that night as his sorrow had been gone,
 Lest that young Grigor the place should abscond,
 But sent a message to Inverness,
 Which brought out a party young Grigor to press.
 And for to make ready no time gave we hear,
 He asked one favour, a word of his dear,
 That which was deny'd him, the old man with a frown
 Said soldiers can have sweethearts in every town,
 At this the young lady cried out bitterly,
 May heavens requite you for this cruelty.

Young Grigor took courage and marched away,
 When his captain view'd him, this to him did say,
 Sir, for the young lady that lov'd you, I pity her case,
 Who has lost such a comfort and sweet blooming fae,
 His lady cried out, what a wretch can he be,
 Caused pres this young man for no injury.
 His long yellow hair to his haunches hang down,
 Over his broad shoulders from ear to ear round.
 Now Grigor considering his pitiful case,
 Received the bounty and swore to the peace,
 His captain a forelof unto him he gave,
 To see his dear Ketty once more he did crave,
 Two lines then he sent her by a solid hand,
 That he under the oak at midnight would stand,
 For to wait upon her and hear her complaint,
 And there for to wait him she was well content.
 Her vows she renewed with tears not a few,
 And a gold ring for a token on his finger she drew,
 Was never to remove thence come death or come life,
 Till the happy moment he made her his wife.
 She fain would go with him, but he answered no,
 Your parents will follow, and cause you more woe;
 But my Maker be witness, with this green oak said he
 That I'll never enjoy a woman but thee.
 And here where he left her weeping full sore,
 Poor creature she ne'er got a sight of him more!
 For in a short time after he went to the sea,
 And left sight of Britain with the tear in his eye,
 And went to America, their orders were so.
 Where he prov'd a brave soldier, and valour did show
 That for behaviour they never could him blame,
 From a corporal at last to a serjant he came.

P A R T III.

Being near Fort Niagara int the year fifty nine,
 On the 30th of July, as he always did incline,
 To frequent the green woods or some desart place,
 There to breathe out his sorrows his mind to solace,

Among the hands of savage Indians alas here he fell,
 But how he was murdered we cannot well tell;
 For on the next morning they found him there dead
 Two Indians lay by him who wsnt their heads,
 He had cut off with his sword as we understood.
 And then all around him was nothing but blood,
 Five wounds in his body, his hair scalpt away,
 His cloaths, sword and pistol, of all made a prey,
 And one of his fingers from his hand they hade cut,
 Whereon was his gold ring from his lover he got,
 And at that very moment, though in Scotland we hear
 A dreadful Specre to his love did appear.
 As she was weeping under the green oak,
 He quickly past by her but not a word spoke.
 Yet shaking his left hand where the ring he did wear,
 Which wanted a finger and blood dropping were.
 Whereat the young lady was strick with amaze
 And rose to run after and on it she did gaze,
 As she knew it was Grigor, but how in this place,
 It made her to wonder and dread the sad case.
 With terror and grief, home she did retire,
 And spent that whole night in weeping and prayer,
 So early next morning she rose by the sun,
 Went back to the green oak to weep all alone,
 For always she esteemed that place as we hear.
 As there she late weeping and tearing her hair.
 Again the pale spectre to her did appear,
 And with a mild aspect it star'd in her face.
 Then said, O dear Ketty, do not me embrace,
 For I'm but a spirit though shining in blood,
 My body lies murdered in a foreign wood.
 There's two wounds in my breast and three in my side,
 With hatches and arrows that's both deep and wide,
 My scalp and fine hair for a premium is sold,
 And also my finger with the ring of pure gold,
 Which you threw upon it as a mark of true love,
 Love's stronger than death, for it does not remove;
 For my earnest desire is for you my dear,
 And till you be with me I'll still wander here,
 For this world is but vanity, all vain show,
 Its nought to the pleasures where we art to go.
 She went to embrace him, being void of all fright
 But he in a moment went out her sight.
 Then home in a great horror to her father did run,
 Cried Oh! cruel father now what have you done?
 Grigor, my love Grigor, came to all in blood
 And his body lies murder'd in an American wood,
 He shew'd me his wounds and each bloody sore,
 And therefore my pleasures on earth are no more.
 Her father look'd at her as one being amaz'd,
 Then said my dear Ketty your brains they are craz'd.
 But still she maintain'd it and cried like a child,
 Never after was seen to laugh, or yet smile.
 They brought to her doctors whose skill was in vain,
 Who still gave opinion she's sound in the brain,
 Her body decay'd and her face turned pale,
 She soar'd to her true love beyond death's dark vale,
 First then her mother that night expir'd,
 I hope now she enjoys the bliss she desir'd.
 Now the old man he cries, I'm bereft of all joys,
 Though he has plenty of gold, has no girls nor boys,
 Let all cruel parents at this take great heed,
 His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.

F I N I S.

May 14th, 1776.